

THE POLYNESIAN.

Vol. 3.

HONOLULU, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1847.

No. 38.

THE POLYNESIAN,
The Official Journal of the Hawaiian Government,
is published weekly at Honolulu, Oahu, H. I.

J. J. JARVES, EDITOR.

TERMS OF THE POLYNESIAN.

SUBSCRIPTION.—\$6 per annum; 6 months, \$3.50; 3 months, \$2, payable in advance; single copies 12-1-2 cts.
ADVERTISING.—A square, \$2 for first three insertions, 50 cents for each continuance; more than half a square, and less than a whole, \$1.50 for first three insertions, 30 cents for each continuance; half a square or less, \$1 for first three insertions, 25 cents for each continuance. By the year, more than half and not exceeding a whole column, \$60. Less amounts at proportionate rates.

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A Melancholy Story.

A man there was sore vex'd in mind,
For why, his pigtail hung behind;
The thing he fain would alter.

Thinks he: "With half a turn here goes
To see it stick beneath my nose—
This tail that hangs behind me."

So, bounce! he turns him round about;
'Tis odd! he cannot make it out—
The tail still hangs behind him.

The other way with might and main
He pirouettes; 'tis labor vain—
His tail still hangs behind him.

Like a teetotum round and round
He spins; and yet no change is found—
The tail still hangs behind him.

He keeps on spinning hard and fast;
"Twill sure," thinks he, "come right at last"—
The tail still hangs behind him.

THE POLYNESIAN.

HONOLULU, SATURDAY, FEB. 6, 1847.

Clippings from the Boston Chronicle of of 1767 and '68.

For want of something new of modern growth to refresh our readers with this week, we turn to a file of newspapers some four-score years old, issued in the rebel town of Boston—whence most of us Yankees have sprung—and glean anew the news and oddities of that age, pleasant, if on no other score, that we may get an insight into the tastes, opinions and doings of our grandmothers and fathers, through that most truth-depicting of all mediums, the daily press; the history of the world for a day, a panorama true to life and nature. No one in running over the recording columns of departed events, so full of interest in their day, and noting the rapid whirl of time, throwing off in its annual career, into its fathomless abyss, the hopes and fears of a generation of human beings as full of joy and sorrow, vigor and enterprise as ourselves, can but reflect that our turn is rapidly coming, and in a few more rotations of the wheel our memories will be mere specks in the human horizon, objects of the casual curiosity of some curious grand-child, who, turning to the records of our day, will do as we now do, and wonder and laugh at the odd notions and funny tastes of those old fellows of 1847, and think it queer the world could have ever been so odd-fashioned and ignorant. But here goes. No such thoughts shall prevent our fun; the next comers are welcome to theirs. God save them in their turn. But in spite of all this philosophy it does make one a little melancholy to be thus peering into the drawing-rooms and kitchens—the council boards and exchanges—the libraries and shops of these venerable men who, in transmitting us their names, have left them to be read but on their tombs and in their newspapers.

The first thing we shall give is the original and fat-famed production of Ben. Franklin, whose sister, by the way, advertises a shop full of ladies' knickknacks:

ON TOLERATION.

"Do always what you yourself think right, and let others enjoy the same privilege. The latter is a duty you owe to your neighbor; the former, as well as the latter, are duties you owe to your Maker."—[Lord Kalmus' Art of Thinking.]

The following illustration of the above maxim, has appeared in a late publication.

APRIL 16, 1764.

SIR: Some time ago, being in company with a friend from North America, (Dr. Franklin) as well known throughout Europe for his ingenious discoveries in natural philosophy, as to his countrymen for his sagacity, his usefulness and activity, in every public-spirited measure, and to his acquaintance for all the social virtues; the conversation happened to turn on the subject of persecution. My friend, whose understanding is as enlarged as his heart is benevolent, did not fail to urge many unanswerable arguments against a practice so obviously repugnant to every dictate of humanity. At length, in support of what he had advanced, he called for a Bible, and turning to the book of genesis, read as follows:

CHAPTER XXVII. And it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun.

2. And behold, a man bowed with age, coming from the way of the wilderness leaning on a staff.

3. And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night; and thou shalt arise early in the morning, and go on thy way.

4. But the man said, Nay, for I will abide under this tree.

5. And Abraham pressed him greatly: so he turned, and they went into the tent: and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.

6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, creator of heaven and earth?

7. And the man answered and said, I do not worship thy God, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a god, which abideth always in mine house, and provideth me with all things.

8. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose, and fell upon him, and drave him forth with blows into the wilderness.

9. And at midnight God called unto Abraham, saying, Abraham, where is the stranger?

10. And Abraham answered and said, Lord, he

would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face, into the wilderness.

11. And God said, have I borne with him these hundred ninety and eight years, and nourished him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and could'st not thou, that art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?

12. And Abraham said, Let not the anger of my Lord wax hot against his servant: lo, I have sinned; forgive me, I pray thee.

13. And he arose, and went forth into the wilderness, and sought diligently for the man, and found him:

14. And he returned with him to his tent; and when he had entreated him kindly he sent him away in the morning with gifts.

15. And God spake again unto Abraham, saying, For this thy sin shall thy seed be afflicted four hundred years in a strange land.

16. But for thy repentance will I deliver them; and they shall come forth with power, and with gladness of heart, and with much substance.

I own I was struck with the aptness of the passage to the subject; and did not fail to express my surprise, that in all the discourses I had read against a practice so diametrically opposite to the genuine spirit of our holy religion, I did not remember to see this chapter quoted; nor did I recollect my having ever read it, tho' no stranger to my Bible. Next morning, turning to the book of Genesis, I found there was no such chapter, and that the whole was a well-meant invention of my friend, whose sallies of humor, in which he is a great master, have always a useful and benevolent tendency.

In novel contrast to this delightful moral, we find "A curious Letter, written by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, lately printed for the first time." JAN. 13, 1716.

To Lady —

I find after all, by your letter of yesterday, that Mrs. D—— is resolved to marry the old greasy curate. She was always high-church in an excessive degree, and you know she used to speak of Sacheverel as an apostolic saint, who was worthy to sit in the same place with St. Paul, if not a step above him. It is a matter however very doubtful to me, whether it is not still more the man than the apostle that Mrs. D—— looks to in the present alliance. Though at the age of forty, she is, I assure you, very far from being cold and insensible; her fire may be covered with ashes, but it is not extinguished. Do not be deceived, my dear, by that prudish and sanctified air—— Warm devotion is no equivocal mark of warm passions; besides, I know it is a fact, (of which I have proof in hand, which I will tell you by word of mouth) that our learned and holy rube is exceedingly disposed to use the means, supposed in the primitive command, let what will come of the end. The curate indeed is very filthy—such a red, spungy, watery nose! Such a squint! In short, he is ugly beyond expression: and what ought naturally to render him peculiarly displeasing to one of Mrs. D.'s constitution and propensities, he is stricken in years. Nor do I really know how they will live.—He has but forty-five pounds a year—the but a trifling sum; so that they are likely to feast upon love and ecclesiastical history, which will be very empty food without a proper mixture of beef and pudding. I have, however, engaged our friend, who is the curate's landlord, to give them a good lease; and if Mrs. D., instead of spending whole days in reading Collier, Hicks, and vile translations of Plato and Epictetus, will but form the resolution of taking care of her house, and minding her dairy, things may go tolerably. It is not likely that their tender loves will give them many sweet babes to provide for.

I met the lover yesterday, going to the alehouse in his dirty night-gown, with a book under his arm to entertain the club; and as Mrs. D. was with me at the time, I pointed out to her the charming creature: she blushed and looked prim; but quoted a passage out of Herodotus, in which it is said that the Persians wore long night-gowns. There is really no more accounting for the taste in marriage of many of our sex, than there is for the appetite of your neighbor, Miss S., who makes such waste of chalk and charcoal when they fall in their way.

As marriage produces children, so children produce care and disputes, and wrangling, as it is said (at least by old bachelors and old maids) is one of the sweets of the conjugal state. You tell me that our friend Mrs. —— is at length blessed with a son; and that her husband, who is a great philosopher, (if his own testimony is to be depended upon) insists on her suckling it herself. You ask my advice on this matter; and, to give it you frankly, I really think that Mr ——'s demand is unreasonable, as his wife's constitution is tender, and her temper fretful. A true philosopher would consider these circumstances, but a pendant is always throwing his system in your face, and applies it equally to all things, times, and places, just like a tailor who would make a coat out of his own head, without any regard to the bulk, or figure of the person that must wear it. All those fine-spun arguments that he has drawn from nature to stop your mouths, weigh, I must own to you, but very little with me. This same nature is indeed a specious word; nay, there is a great deal in it, if it is properly understood and applied, but I cannot bear to hear people using it to justify what common sense must disavow.

Nature modified by art in many things? Was it designed to be so? And is it not happy for a society that it is so? Would you like to see your husband let his beard grow until he was obliged to put the end of it in his pocket, because this beard is the gift of nature? The instincts of nature point out neither taylor, nor weavers, nor mantua-makers, nor sempstrees' nor milliners; and yet I am very glad that we do not run naked like the Hottentots. But not to wander from the subject—I grant that nature has furnished the mother with milk to nourish the child; but I maintain at the same time, that if she can find better milk elsewhere, she ought to prefer it without hesitation. I do not see why she should have more scruple to do this, than her husband has to leave the clear fountain, which nature gave him to quench his thirst, for stout October, port or claret. Indeed, if Mrs. —— was a buxom,

sturdy woman, who lived on plain food, took regular exercise, enjoyed proper returns of rest, and was free from violent passions (which you and I know is not the case) she might be a good nurse for her child; but as matters stand, I do verily think that the milk of a good comely cow, who feeds quietly in her meadow, never devours ragouts, nor drinks ratasia, nor frets at quadrille, nor sits up till three in the morning elated with gain or dejected with loss. I do think that the milk of such a cow, or of a nurse that came as near it as possible, would be likely to nourish the young 'squire much better than hers. If it be true that the child sucks in the mother's passions with her milk, this is a strong argument in favor of the cow, unless you may be afraid that the young 'squire may become a calf; but how many calves are there both in state and church, who have been brought up with their mother's milk?

I premise faithfully to communicate to no mortal the letter you wrote to me last—What you say of two of the rebel lords, I believe to be true; but I can do nothing in the matter. If my projects do not fail in the execution, I shall see you before a month passes. Give my service to Dr. Blackbeard—he is a good man, but I never saw in my life such a persecuting face cover so humane and tender a heart. I imagine (within myself) that the Smithfield priests, who burned the protestants in the time of Queen Mary, had just such faces as the Doctor's. If we were Papists, I should like him very much for my confessor; his seeming austerity would give you and I great reputation for sanctity, and his good, indulgent heart would be the very thing that would suit us in the affair of penance and ghostly direction.

Farewell, my dear lady, &c.

ENGLISH DISCOVERY OF TAHITI, BY CAPT. WALLACE.—This discovery was announced to the public as follows:

MAY 25.

By His Majesty's ship Dolphin, newly arrived from a voyage around the world, we hear that they have discovered a new island in the South Seas, large, fertile, and extremely populous. The Dolphin came to an anchor in a safe, spacious, and commodious harbor, where she lay about six weeks. From the behavior of the inhabitants, they had reason to believe she was the first and only ship they had ever seen.

The first day they came alongside with a number of canoes, in order to take possession of her; there were two divisions, one filled with men, and the other with women; these last engaged the attention of our sailors, by exposing their beauties to their view, whilst the men from the canoes threw great quantities of stones, by which several seamen were hurt; however, as they had no kind of weapons, they were soon beat off, and a few volleys of small arms obliged them to retire in great confusion.

The day following a party well armed was sent on shore with the watering casks, and our people at the topmast-head discovered, by the help of their glasses, prodigious numbers of the natives, flocking from all parts towards the watering place, in order to surround the party; upon which a signal was made for them to come on board and leave the watering casks. This was no sooner done, than the Dolphin was attacked by greater numbers than the day preceding, which obliged them to have recourse to the necessity of firing some of their great guns at them, charged with grape shot; and some guns with ball were also fired up the country, which knocked down some of their houses, felled several trees, &c., and struck them with such awe that they now looked on our people as more than human, since their houses could not shelter them, nor distance take them out of the reach of our shot.

They immediately showed the greatest desire of being at peace with us, and did not seem to resent the killing of a number of their people, as they now appeared to be sensible that we had only made use of those dreadful engines against them, when their rashness had forced us to it.

We took possession of the island in His Majesty's name, and called it King George's Land. It lies about twenty degrees southern latitude. During the remainder of our stay, we continued to trade with the natives in the most amicable manner, giving them nails, buttons, and trinkets, in exchange for fresh provisions, which we were greatly in want of.

The natives are in general taller and stouter made than our people, and are mostly of a copper color, with black hair; others are fairer, especially the women, some of whom were observed to be red haired. It does not appear that they knew the use of any one metal whatever. When the grape shot came among them they dived after it, and brought up the pieces of lead. They swim like fish, and can remain a long time under water. They were clothed with a kind of stuff made of the bark of trees, some red, some yellow; its texture resembles that of coarse thick paper, and cannot resist wet. Besides the large island there are several lesser ones, which we named Charlotte island, Gloucester island, Boscawen island, Keppel island, Wallace island, &c.

From the above account it appears that those who have the care of our naval affairs in these peaceable times, are not idle, but have employed a part of the navy in making new discoveries, which may not only prove advantageous to our commerce, but also afford us safe ports in the south seas in case of a future war.

Further account of our new discoveries made by the Dolphin man of war, in her last voyage round the World.

The island (to which was given the name of King George's land) was governed by a Queen, to whom the natives seemed to pay the utmost reverence, as they obeyed not only her words, but even her looks and gestures. She expressed the most lively sorrow on our leaving the island; and the last thing she did, was to take the crown from her own head, and presented it to Capt. W.; it has been carefully preserved, and is to be presented to Her Majesty of Great Britain.

The inhabitants are pretty much civilized, considering that the arts have made but little progress among them, and that they are unacquainted with the use of any metals, even of iron. From some circumstances, we had reason to imagine that the King of the island was killed in the attack the second day, and the Queen was clothed in red, which